

The following Hymn is in the handwriting of
Ex President John Quincy Adams.

The Hour. Glass.

1.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
Slow flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by.
The burden of a song.
See, Childhood youth and manhood pass,
And Age with sorrow'd brows.
Time was - Time shall be, drain the glass
But where in Time is now?

2.

Time is the measure but of change:
No present hour is found.
The past - the future fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is now? In realms above
With God's adoring Lamb.
In regions of eternal love,
Where its enthroned I am.

3

Then, Pilgrim! let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean:
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From Earth's affections wean.
To God! let votive accents rise:
With Truth - with virtue live;
So all the bliss that Time denies
Eternity shall give.



FIRS

1732.

W51

Poem
Christopher Pe
Mus

"On, Praise the Lord!"
Admir

Rev. Christopher R. Eli
Church in Worcester; &
pastor of the First CH
Joseph Osgood, pastor
Colmest.

"Old H
Bened

Rev. Edward Norton, pa
Congregational C

At such a time as
glance, even if but

History of the
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is no easy task.
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full of interest as t

gives Sept. 16 as the date
of the church: and such
times even more marked,
requently to perplex the
facts. On the day when
the church was had,
or the 17th of the month,
bant was drawn up and

creatures, who have sometime
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ed rather fellowship with the
an with God and his saints,
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mstry of the Gospel, and
join together in Church
and strength of Christ,
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Anti-Christian pollution,
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our Lord Jesus Christ as
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the world, as both

3. 2. Adams